Welcome to the Man-Eating Dungeon

Hitokui Dungeon e Youkoso

人食いダンジョンへようこそ！

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Synopsis :

The young man living in a frontier mining village, Elliott, lived in estrangement there.

The reason was because he carried the blood of the Demon Race, and had an unusual face, with two small horns growing from it.

Several years after his mother – his only family – died, a young woman who called herself an acquaintance of her mother's came to visit, and once she knew of Elliott's existence, displayed the traits of a succubus, and whispered thus:

"From now on you will ravish many women, steal many lives, and trample over the world, you shall dominate. But to start ... you will dominate me, violate me, please"

Unable to wield a sword, nor kill his opponents with magic, the mixed-blood young man who could only grant a slight bit of magic onto matter, used information and tools and traps, repelling enemies, ravishing women, making them submit and fall into demonhood, and dominated them, surviving a ruined world.

This is the story of the young man who was the Lord of the perilous place of fear, one that never allows a guest to return, the “Man-Eating Dungeon”, and the women whose lives had been derailed by him.

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Volume 1
【小説】一年新
【イラスト】しりー
BEGINNING NOVELS

Preface: Welcome to the Man-Eating Dungeon

What comes to your mind when you hear the words “Ruler of a Dungeon”?

A Demon King shutting himself inside a labyrinth, summoning monsters from hell and releasing them upon the world?

A treacherous evil mage, researching hard on nothing but traps?

These expectations, well, they’re half right, and half wrong.

The reason why I can give that answer was because I, the one talking to you right now, is actually a Ruler of a Dungeon.

Of course, I’m not some ally of justice, but even though the Church and Lords treat me like some Demon King, unfortunately, only half the blood that runs in me is demon blood, I was raised in this world so I don’t know of the rules of Hell.

As for evil deeds… well, one part of it I can’t deny, but if you say that I did it gleefully, then I’d have to object.

If I had the choice, I wouldn’t use anything like half-rotten zombies.

But they don’t cost much, so they’re very easy on my finances… skeletons are the same.

Golems are also inexpensive, and I do use some of them, but they can’t be made quickly.

As it is, it needs some initial investment.

I do have a strict but skillful trainer. I am now in the middle of learning “The Ins and Outs of Demon Life.”

The common man would think that if you chant some strange spell, magic would gush out and balls of fire would come flying.

But of course, it doesn't work that way. It takes time and money and mana, not something that you could bring out endlessly.

It's a lot of trouble, really....

"Maste–r! The mining village sector has been breached!"

"Hey, what are you going to do!? I know they're Knights Templar in name only, but aren't they quite strong!?"

……You probably met the two that flew into my room just now yesterday. They're my maids.

Because they were both former adventurers, they seem to be able to grasp how strong the attacking group are.

You're curious about them being "former adventurers"?

….. "Even though they're demons" you say?

These two were originally adventurers who came to break into my lair about half a year ago.

So they don't have a maid's training, and they were originally on bad terms.... eh, that's not what you're asking?

Oh, "how did they become demons?", is it? Well, that's simple, it's because I made them demons.

Yeah, well... I'm sure you've expected this, but when I captured them I gave them my seed and did a little ritual.

The Church teaches that Demons are "Corrupted Human Beings", right?

I learned that from this village's church when I was small you know?

Not only me, but it looks there are also quite capable, strong demons

out there.

Of course, I'm not so strong as to make them turn into demons against their will…

I can't do it unless I make them mentally submit and pour my seed into them.

"Master was so hot back then…"

"I, idiot! What are you talking about in a time like this!"

Shut up, I'm talking to this person right now. Hey don't start dropping your pants!

Eh, ah, Knights Templar, huh. Yeah, normal methods won't work, annihilating them will be troubling.

If you ask me why…., ah, can you bring me the water basin?

Thanks. Now can you see them too?

I originally lived among humans but thanks to my blood, I have the ability to use a little magic naturally.

It was only a little bit, but I can grant magic power… not as much as an Enchanter, though.

Since my parents died, I've made my living imbuing tools and weapons with magic power and sell them to soldiers and mountaineers and merchants.

I wasn't born here, but I was raised in this mining village.

Right now it's a dangerous place where living corpses and monsters roam, but the one who first made it this way wasn't me…. Well, it's true that I made use of the situation in the end.

……..wait, I'm digressing again.

This is one of my magic tools, Water Basin of Far Sight.

It's a tool that reflects the scene as seen from an "eye" placed some distance away, though not very far, onto the water basin.

With my current abilities, at best I can only get reports from the mining village's entrance, about a 10 minute walk away.

Other than times like this, it was only useful to see the visitors' faces from my own room.

Oh? Your expression changed… yeah, I saw you when you were exploring the mansion as well.

It was all good up to the point where you brought the introduction letter from my old mercenary friends, but what happened after wasn't good, huh.

They all knew very well that I am capable of doing this and there's no way they wouldn't tell you that.

That is, if you were someone they trusted. ……. Honestly, I think it's a well-made fake.

'Travelling merchant who also deals in shady trade', is definitely not a lie, but your real profession is something else, right?

…… you're thinking your body movements are bad, but don't worry about that.

Unlike ordinary medicine or poison, motion dulling drugs take some time to start working.

As a product, though, they're hard to store for distribution….

Being something unknown like that, they're useful against kids who might have poison resistance like you.

Don't you think so, Ojou-san from the Assassins' Guild?

It's also a strong diuretic, so you might leak yourself… but well, since

you’re a guest you’ll be forgiven for that.

…… ah, there they are.

The Knights Templar and their soldiers seem to have just broken through the tunnel entrance just now.

Boo hoo hoo, even though the stone golems took so much to make….

Uh huh, I think you understand this too, the soldiers that came just now were not very well organized.

They are a mixed bunch of talented mercenaries and clearly untrained militia, you can easily see that by their disorganized weapons.

They came after being provoked by the lords and nobles and without enough military power, huh. Really, it’s like they’re just sacrificial pawns.

But coming this far with so little casualties, their commander must be quite capable.

They were going at this pace to take care to avoid casualties, but if that girl is willing to sacrifice her soldiers she would be quite a scary opponent.

Ah, you noticed?

That’s right, that’s the reason we had you tied up.

That commander girl is someone I know.

But she probably doesn’t know I’m here and became the boss of a bunch of monsters.

You guys are… probably employed by antagonistic powerful nobles, and sent here to kill off that girl, right?

Even though your side should have lots of people who know that there

is a “dungeon master who you can deal with” in here…

Looks like I’ve become a tool for political assassinations…. Being famous has its troubles.

Well, I don’t want to be killed either so I’m driving them away.

You guys would be troubled if that girl stays alive.

But I have other things in mind and want that girl for myself.

We have our objectives slightly different there, so sad, right, Assassins’ Guild ojou-san?

Ah, don’t shiver like that. No need to feel down just because you made a blunder.

Because before you go back to the guild to get yelled at, you’re going to be killed here… or maybe fall.

Oh, why are you so afraid?

You haven’t heard anything about this dungeon before you came here?

The reason these two came here is not only to give me reports.

They came to help me prepare for your degeneration.

“Guest-sama, let’s become master’s property together!”

“You made a blunder too, huh. Even a genius like me got caught, so give up.”

Well, it’s probably going to take some time until you become ‘obedient’, so I’ll probably tell you some stories until then.

Maybe stories of when that girl lived in this village, or how these two senpais of yours fell….

There’s no need to cry, only your lifestyle is going to change a little.

Even I would have never thought that I’ll become like this a year ago.

Life is full of its ups and downs, no one knows what the future holds.

……. Come, my pitiful victim.

I welcome you to the Man-Eating Dungeon!

01 - The Half-Man’s Origins

When my mother died, I who was left behind had just turned 15.

The cause was when she went on a long ride with her lover at the time, she and her lover got drunk with booze and fell off a cliff along with the coach.

She seemed so drunk I honestly suspect she might not have even noticed she died.

The life of a person who spent her youth as a mercenary, fighting demons and was even hailed as a hero for a time, ended abruptly, but it was still a very mom-like way to die.

I don’t know the details of her youth, but she was a person who loved booze and sex, a person who won’t hesitate to enjoy life.

She was probably satisfied that way, rather than growing old and weak with illness.

When mother had no time because of me being born, she took me to this village in the mountains and started an inn with a tavern in the outskirts of the village.

It’s a village deep in the mountains with nothing to it besides the knowledge that there were metal veins there.

Mother had the strength to fight dangerous animals and monsters who sometimes came out, and on top of that she was a tavern girl who would keep the village men company.

Because of that, when mother was still alive there were very few who said anything about my strange appearance.

Since I was a mother-con when I was little I grumbled, but because she had a large influence I didn’t really complain much.

…… That was because I had small horns that prove I wasn't human, so I was teased by the village children.

Mother was in her youth, a hero of a certain country, as one who bore the name of hero, she was a member of the army going to attack the demon realm.

I don't know how big the army or what position she held in it, mother never told me about any of it.

I only knew the outcome.

The army was destroyed, mother was captured by the demons, raped, and became pregnant with a demon's child. That was me.

Being a half-demon, if I lived in somewhere the Church has a strong influence, there is a good chance I might get burned at a stake.

I don't know where the "Demon World" they say lies on the other side of the Human World is, and I'm not interested.

But mom escaped from there and into this village out in the sticks in order to raise me.

Because I was such a child, I either play alone or with books, or the many wandering mercenaries who were mother's customers.

The wandering mercenaries carried their own faults, and almost none of them minded me being a half-demon.

Now that I think about it, they seemed to have loved me, and I also took lessons in spells and fundamentals of magic from mercenaries who dabble in magic. … I only learnt the basics, it's not like I made anything of it.

The one and only person my age who I was able to make friends with

was a girl who would only come to the village every year during summer.

A girl with black hair that had a greenish hue when bathed in sunlight.

It was only her who didn't fear or make fun of my horns.

Because she only came to the village once a year in the summer, so of course she would be isolated from the village kids.

So naturally, she and I became friends.

She normally lives in the city, she would tell me about big buildings, beautiful churches, and marketplaces packed with mountains of goods. In return, I would teach her how to walk in the forest, how to distinguish animal tracks, byroads used by mercenaries and wanderers, and how to catch bugs. We would also read books together in the inn's attic.

Those fun summers lasted for five years, and ended abruptly.

At the end of summer when I was twelve years old she told me "I won't be coming from next year on", and she never came again since.

That was the memory of my one and only friend.

..... Her mother was a maid working for the Margrave that rules these lands, becoming her master's mistress and giving birth to her.

It was when I had grown up a little bit that I found out that her mother, who had lived a sheltered life as the Margrave's mistress, had died to an epidemic, and she was adopted in town as [a niece of a some nobleman whose father does not know of].

Since my mother died, I could only struggle to live on alone, living in the inn with business only coming from travelers, merchants and mother's old mercenary friends who seldom came.

Anyhow, since mother died her friends stopped coming, and the

business from just the mercenaries and merchants became unprofitable.

Additionally, unlike when mother was still alive, I wasn't recognized as a person of the village.

This wasn't anything special. It was normal for old villages to dislike strangers.

It might have been good for mother that she died before she grew weak, because she didn't marry anyone from the village, if her body had become weak, she would probably be expelled from the village.

I was hated just because of these horns.

Mother left behind a little bit of fortune, so I might have been able to live a humble life for 3~5 years, but I would have nothing after that. A hated person probably wouldn't be hired as a farmhand, too.

…… Ironically, what saved my livelihood was the blood of the father I whose face I never saw, whose name I never knew.

Albeit few, it is known that magic exists in this world, just by being able to use magic one could escape being burnt at the stake by the church.

This village out in the sticks have nothing to do with it, but if you go to town, there seems to be places called [Magicians' Academies] where you could gather and learn the art and knowledge of magic.

That said, magic is an art that depends on a person's individual talent more than others, only one in a hundred humans can use it. The power to even only set fire to dried grass is not one that a human could wield. Even among humans who could wield magic only a fraction of them could do that.

However, a lot of demons could use magic to some extent.

(Which is why there's a deeply rooted prejudice that magic is "a power

used by demons", though)

Being someone of mixed demon blood, I have magic ability, even though just a little.

I wonder if I could do something with this power, I thought as I made my way back from mother's funeral.

In the songs of minstrels, the methods to do things like hurling balls of fire or freezing things are unclear. Even after trying lots of things, I was of course unable to do anything.

I could only use the "Ignite" magic which was a basic spell I learned long ago, but it uses lots of easily-burnt dry grass, needs tens of minutes of chanting, and only catches fire when I finally became dead tired. If it's like this then using flints would be hundreds of times faster.

What I could do was granting mana… magic power to objects.

If I imbue a stone with magic, the stone becomes lighter and a little harder.

I can't explain it well, but it took me over a year to be able to control to some extent how the object would change

Since I was self-taught, I'm sorry if I was so unskillful, but I couldn't judge whether this one year was a long or a short time since I had nothing to compare against.

Until then, I made lots of "clothes that are easier to break than they look" and "tree branches that would snap as soon as it they hit something", I don't really want to remember it.

The resulting amount of stones and tree branches I used for practice probably amounted to a small hill's worth of failed products.

Even so, after the second year I became able to make “armor that are lighter than they look” or “swords that look short but the blade reaches just a little further”.

The reason I made so many dangerous items is because demand only came from mercenaries and adventurers with money and can invest in equipment (and merchants who deal with them). Anyway, making them takes some time and I failed lots of times. I was also able to make non-stick cooking pots and such but they weren’t really welcomed by the villagers.

02 - The Late-Night Visitor

From what I hear from the mercenaries, this “granting effects to items using magic power” seems to be called “Enchanting”, there seems to also be “Enchanters” learning it at the academy in the city.

Knowing the theory on how the tools are used and made increases the success rate of the enchanting.

I came to know this by experience, so I bought and read all kinds of books, and became able to make all sorts of useful items.

I’m in no way at the level of a genuine enchanting student, but still, unlike the academy enchanters who receive requests from royalty and nobles, the existence of someone capable of making low-price…. incredibly cheap magic armaments compared to the town’s professional enchanters, is greatly convenient for the mercenaries.

Among the mercenaries I became acquainted with when mother was still alive, there were some surviving ones who hold considerable position.

I don’t intend on becoming a mercenary or adventurer, but I travelled together with those who had work near the village, and because I get actual practice with weapons and armor I could investigate what would be needed for them.

I didn’t have much talent for being a warrior, but it was good to get the minimum combat experience.

By advertising myself with them and their friends and selling them cheap samples for publicity with their fellow mercenaries, my business slowly started to take off.

It was too arrogant to call myself an enchanter, so I began my life as an “owner of an inn deep in the mountains as well as magic tool seller.”

The night that woman came was the summer three years after mother passed away.

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“I’m sorry for coming so late at night… is there a person called Amurosa of Wistaria in this inn?”

It was a hot and humid summer night, and the inn had no guests as usual.

There was a knock on the usually unused front door of the inn and a voice was heard from there.

The voice sounded like a somewhat husky young woman’s voice.

I don’t know about the place name she mentioned, but Amurosa is the name of my late mother.

Out here in the sticks it can’t be called a village, much less a town, but the mercenaries’ network is unexpectedly wide.

If she were a mercenary friend of mother’s, then she should’ve known of her death.

On the magic tool I attached to the inn’s front door for observation … one that projects the scene as seen from a small glass ball onto a water basin… I could see a woman wearing priestess-looking clothes with a hood worn low over her eyes.

I checked the surroundings, but she doesn’t seem to have any companions hidden about.

“Who might you be?”

I left the work room behind the kitchen that's too small to be called a workshop and headed towards the inn door.

Thieves wouldn't have called out, housebreakers wouldn't have come alone.

"Are you Amurosa's current boyfriend?"

The first thing the woman said was something rather unbefitting of her priestess-like appearance.

What's more, it was something very impolite, but the person who said it herself didn't seem to feel uncomfortable or self-conscious about it.

Her face is hidden under her hood, but at least I can see that she's a great deal younger than my late mother.

She might've been the same age as me, or maybe slightly older. She was wearing a simple, thick kantoui that looked like the clothes of a monk, but used expensive materials, it couldn't hide her well-developed feminine body lines… in fact, it made them stand out even more. Honestly, her clothes didn't look like they were meant for long journeys.

She had little luggage on her hand, as well. I don't know where she came from but her clothes and shoes were not very worn.

In other words, she's someone I have to watch out against.

That said, she still didn't drop her polite guest manners, and I also wasn't so affluent to completely refuse a guest with that reasoning. First I should probably hear what she has to say.

"I'm very sorry, but what relation do you have with Amurosa?"

I thought that voice gets a passing mark for business.

"Well, I'm an old acquaintance of hers. I've come from far away and am very tired. Please hurry up and call Amurosa."

I’m getting even more bad feelings.

Not knowing mother had died, a young (and probably more than that) looking woman without any companions going to a town out in the sticks is something unlikely according to common sense.

I fixed the positioning of the hat I used to cover my horns, which is also used for work.

“Amurosa passed away from this world in an accident three years ago. What relation do you have with Amurosa?”

They looked at least different enough in age to have been mother and child, but of course I couldn’t say it out loud.

I thought that she’d settle the issue by running or making something up, but her reaction was more extreme than I expected.

“NO WAY!? That Amurosa died!? Unbelievable!”

At that moment, the hood on her kantoui came off, revealing her face.

She had flowing, wavy, light honey colored hair that goes down to her shoulders.

Her skin had a slight sweet scent to it, as if she had smoked her clothes with some kind of incense.

In her surprised eyes were tea colored pupils, the same color as her long eyelashes that seemed like she usually looked downcast.

She had a prim and proper face like a priestess, but it had a sensuality that stirs up your desire just by looking at her.

A small part of me that was still calm was thinking “she’s not a decent person”, but the remaining majority was attacking it with the impulse to “push this woman down and do as I please with her body.”

What allowed me to withstand that impulse was probably because I don’t want to attack her, and because I had knowledge of magic to an

extent and had a few techniques on how to control my own spirit. ..... that and the fact that I'm still a virgin and thus I was bewildered, not knowing what to do in this situation might have something to do with it.

Before I was aware of it, the cock in my crotch had already overflowed with anticipation.

Before I could regain my calmness, the woman lost hers.

"Why? Why did that woman kick the bucket so easily! My plans are all ruined now!"

She seems to be foul-mouthed just to act tough, but even I can see her trembling.

Why did this woman became so rustled?

"Who are you and what relations do you have with my mother?"

The moment the words left my mouth I thoroughly regret my carelessness.

But faster than I can find the words to smooth things over, the woman moved.

She suddenly jumped and clung to me.

I thought she was going to attack me, but I never thought she'd cling to me and lean on me with all her weight.

The woman whose name I don't even know of and I fell down hugging each other on the inn floor.

"Are you Amurosa's son?"

Riding me like a horse, the woman said.

I think I'm seeing things, but I'm seeing her double, her hair and eyes

looked red.

"You, yes, you certainly have Amurosa's skin and hair. Those eyes, I wonder if it came from that person. .... hey, can you take off your hat?"

The woman seemed to not mind at all what position she's in and asked me with glitter in her eyes.

Her pupils had already turned red. I finally realized that this woman had changed her hair and skin color with illusion magic, disguising herself.

"This means, a demon ...?"

I think my words probably contained a clearly heard amount of fear in it.

But the reason I didn't fly into panic was, frankly speaking, the fact that this female demon was being in high spirits like a child.

After taking off my hat and confirming my horns, the woman cheered as if she had found a piece of treasure.

"I knew it! You're a memento of Amurosa and that person! Thank goodness, I'm really glad I made it here ...!"

Around this time I finally regained a little bit of my composure.

But still, I was in a situation where a woman's soft breasts were riding on my own and her nether regions were glued on to my hips, so I couldn't completely calm down.

"So you mean you're a demon ... am I right?"

"Yes, I've been looking for you. Let's talk about the difficult things later ..."

The woman traced my chest with her fingers.

When I realized it she had already torn off the front of my clothes, her hand then went down from my chest and deftly undid the cord of my pants.

"Since I finally got to meet you, and since you are finally wanting me"

My half-dead penis rose up into the air, now that there's no clothes

weighing it down it stood straight up into the sky.

It’s nothing compared to the other men my age in the village but it’s a typical person’s size … I think.

The woman’s hand gently twined around it, I couldn’t stand it and finally let leak a sound.

The woman seemed to have started feeling good and sat up while slowly moving her fingers up and down, she then brought her face close to my penis.

“First, let’s get your semen into me … my master”

As soon as she finished saying this, the tip of my meat rod entered her lips and was wrapped in warm tissue.

03 - A Night with the Succubus

Churp, I felt I heard a sound.

My penis, exposed to the chilly outside air, was wrapped in soft tissue and I felt my whole body's temperature go up all at once. I unintentionally let leak a voice.

Inside the warm oral cavity, the woman's long, thin tongue twirled around my penis, gently licking it.

After that's done, she gently sucked the outer edges with slurping sounds just like how a cat would lap up milk.

Every now and then she would leave her tongue on my shaft and put my root or my balls into her thick lips, leaving them covered in saliva.

Her supple feminine arms wrapped around my waist as if not wanting to let me go.

We were laying flat but the woman's arms were around my waist and her face was buried in my crotch.

Every now and again she would look up with upturned eyes to see how I'm doing, but I was not so experienced as to be able to think about that.

Having the woman have her way pleasuring me, I couldn't do anything but press on her miserably when she stopped right before I climaxed.

"Master, have you not slept with a woman before?"

The woman raised her head, asking me while licking my glans.

"A half-blood like me … out here on the woods … what am I supposed to do …"

It's not that I don't want to.

But out here on the woods, there rarely are any women in the nightlife

business, the only woman in the trade, that can satisfy those urges, would only be my own mother.

After my mother died, the men who worked furthering the development of the mines would sometimes go to town to buy women, but there was no place there for me.

The farmers don't have the time to do that to begin with. Those who don't have a wife or lover would spend their days unsatisfied just like myself.

In this rural village, there was a custom where orphans whose parents had died and women who lost their husbands and had no means of living would be protected by the entire village, but as I was not someone from the village, I didn't get that chance, and even if there was someone that took a liking to me, as I had demon blood in me both me and that person would be left unhappy.

Which is why I had halfway given up on it.

I told myself off in resignation, someday I'll gather up money, leave the village and start business in a town somewhere.

"Uhuhu…. You don't have to hold back. You have to be more greedy and grow stronger. You can even destroy this village, have your way with all the women and then kill them"

I didn't expect to hear those whispers while my penis was being played with.

The woman had already stripped her kantoui, baring her voluptuous body, the small wings growing out of her back, and the small tail growing from her rump, and straddled my crotch. A faint sweet scent wafted into my nose.

My meat rod was kept waiting on the verge of climax, and my eyes were rooted on the woman's steaming nether regions.

"What, are you … ?"

The fact that I was able to ask was my final resistance.

"You have the blood of one of the world's strongest princes, the 'Tuner' Stalto …. You are one fit to disregard the sensibilities of the human world, to take land by the rules of the demon world, to rule. I am Astarte. I will be serving you, I will be educating you into a proper demon befitting of your lineage …"

Having said that, the woman who called herself Astarte threw her body on top of me and slowly put her lips on mine.

"From now on you will ravish many women, steal many lives, and trample over the world, you shall dominate. But to start … you will dominate me, violate me, please"

Guided by Astarte's lithe fingers, My penis entered her most intimate spot.

"U … uwaaah ….!"

I spontaneously let loose a voice.

Having been teased to the verge of climax by her overwhelming tongue skills, my penis ejaculated all at once the moment it was guided inside her vagina, letting out a large quantity of semen.

In the middle of the overpowering pleasure, my consciousness turned white, washed away by the climax.

After I finished letting everything out, Astarte caressed her swelling belly and smiled sweetly.

"Uhuhu. So warm, so full …. Master, from now on I will be your servant, I will stay by your side as your educator. First, may I hear your name,

Master …”

“N, name … Elliott … but …”

For being a wicked demon, Astarte’s face smiled an unbelievably sincere, but at the same time obscene, which might have been believable.

“Master Elliot, my Master. Astarte will from now on guide you to the road to kingdom ….”

That one just now was probably not for me, she might be telling herself that.

That said, I don’t have the energy to think things like that back then, I wanted to fire off the stuff backed up in my loins again, my hips impatiently moved.

“Um, Astarte … was it? Um …”

Before I can finish talking, she probably realized that the penis left inside her vagina had not softened.

Astarte nimbly rotated so that the penis doesn’t come out jutting out the pair of hills behind her behind.

Her arrowlike tail wrapped around my penis, stroking it, inviting it in.

“Yes, Master Elliot. The night is still long. Please, unleash your desires, more and more …”

◆◆◆

“Haah … aah …”

Steaming from her entire body, Astarte was leaning herself on me.

It was about the tenth time I let loose my semen inside of Astarte, but it seems like I was finally satisfied with her. … the fact that I was able to think that means that I’ve finally collected myself.

Honestly, I had no recollection what I did or how. Just that I was fully occupied with earnestly locking lips, twining tongues, and thrusting my meat rod into Astarte's melting honeypot.

I indulged myself in Astarte's body, like monkeys, that might have been the accurate term.

When I realized it, we have been entangled on the cold dirt floor for hours, morning had arrived.

The peculiar cold air of daybreak came flowing in and slowly became refreshing.

I was thankful that there were no guests that season, but properly speaking, the floor that I used to greet guests was stinking of cum.

Now then …

"Nnh …. Master Elliott, you're still lively …"

The resuscitated Astarte was standing on her knees, holding my hips from behind with her hands.

Astarte's breaths hit the area in between my back and rump, it tickled.

Her fingers started playing with my penis again, asking for a rematch.

"As you'd expect, I'm done. Also, it's about time for guests to come. Have to clean this room"

"Ara, should we change rooms, then?"

She jokingly said, but she understood the situation.

Looking around, I saw that Astarte had already used magic and had changed her clothes to the nun outfit she was wearing last night.

…… of course, since she hadn’t washed, the choking smell of cum was plainly there.

“Well then, I would like to borrow a room for a while … Ara, looks like we have a guest”

04 - Village Girl Dahlia

"…… Elliott-san, are you awake?"

There was a voice in front of the door. I recognized the owner.

The farmers would've been awake but the miners would have still been asleep at that hour. As for myself, I would have just barely woken up.

It's rare to get a visitor at this hour but I knew the person who came.

A farmer's girl, Dahlia. A girl from a generation younger than myself so we had not had bad experiences meeting each other.

One of the few villagers not openly hostile towards me ….

She lost her only family, her father, half a year ago to death and from "villager" the girl became "village communal property".

Because of that she was a pitiful girl who was burdened with the task of delivering food and other produce to me who was hated (I paid her, of course).

She was now living with the village elder, but it won't be long before … or might have already became some young man's sex relief.

Her face and figure is nothing much but nothing bad either, she would probably be someone's wife soon.

I don't know if that's good or bad, though.

I only became properly acquainted with her ever since her father (who hates me of course) died, but she doesn't come here except on certain times of day.

Mostly, she who doesn't have a place in the village either, would come here and have small talk after sending off the groceries.

At any rate, I checked if there's nobody else outside the door besides Dahlia. That's become a habit of mine.

"…. Dahlia, what's wrong, coming so early in the morning"

After confirming that nothing's too out of place, I opened the door.

She wasn't carrying anything. She probably took a detour here on the way to fetch water.

The petite and timid Dahlia had light brown hair tied at her nape, and stretching down to the middle of her back.

I can see confusion and regret in her deep brown eyes. She seems to have come here because she had something to confess.

"… well, come in. I'll make you some tea"

I regretted as soon as I invited her onto the dirt floor. I haven't aired out the smell of sex from before, it smelled like chestnuts.

Dahlia's no longer at the age nor situation she wouldn't know this smell. It was so awkward I couldn't say anything.

"Ara, Master. Do we have a new guest?"

Astarte shamelessly called out to me.

Dahlia looked at Astarte in surprise but she wouldn't be able to see through the illusion.

… Though I think she may understand something else from the smell.

"U, um …. Elliott-san. I have something to tell you …"

When I went into the kitchen to light a fire and boil water for the tea, Dahlia began to talk.

"Yes, I figured you have something to say, coming this early. Did you run

into some trouble? … Not that there's much I can do about it though"

It was pathetic of me to say, but as someone who's not part of the village, there's little I can do.

Dahlia became downcast and said.

"Please run away from this village as soon as possible …. Village chief is hiring mercenaries to kill you"

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To summarize what Dahlia was saying:

The development of the mines is progressing and lots of people and money are going to flow in.

Once that happens, inns and bar-rooms will be in high demand and they anticipate growth for the village.

However, my inn was right on the way to the mines and is already in business now, albeit at a small scale.

Because of mother's rights and stuff issued by the church, it will be a lot of trouble to establish a new inn while I'm alive, and to begin with, because the area around the inn will need to be cleared to expand the village, I, who have been living here for a long time, is a nuisance.

Which is why they wanted the mercenaries they called to exterminate dangerous wild animals to exterminate me while they're at it, and chalk it up to accident.

In addition, because they thought there were treasures and magic items left by the dead proprietress of the inn, once I, a village member for appearances sake, died, they will belong to the village.

“…. haah, mother’s assets are just money and gems, and only enough for me to live on for several years at that, only half of it is left now”

“….. The villagers don’t know anything about that, but they already made the decision”

Dahlia looked like she was holding back tears. Even though she did nothing wrong, was she feeling guilty about it?

Well, as a hated person, it’s something I had to think about a lot.

“…. Master, you don’t need to restrain yourself against the villagers anymore?”

Choosing her words carefully, Astarte made a dangerous proposal.

Well, she is right for the most part. If they would go so far as even deciding to do that, I don’t have to take it lying down, either.

That said, though I think I can ask Astarte do destroy the village, I myself don’t have the power for something like that, so it’s not an entirely happy feeling. In addition, it’s not a happy feeling to discuss that in front of Dahlia, either.

That’s probably why Astarte carefully picked her words.

“Um … miss nun? How are you related to Elliott-san?”

Dahlia asked Astarte.

Well, thinking about the smell, it’s clear that this nun is a suspicious person.

“When I was small, I was taken care of by Elliott-san’s mother … I heard she passed away a few years back so I came to pay my regards”

More than half of that are lies, I thought, but I kept my silence.

I don’t know how Dahlia’s going to take her words but she continued to talk to Astarte.

“If so, then … Please take Elliott-san and run. The mercenaries will probably come today or tomorrow …. You might get caught up in it too”

…. Now that I didn’t consider.

Astarte is a Demon. If she was attacked the response is easy to imagine.

I have to defend myself but I want to avoid a massacre. No, is Astarte strong to begin with?

“… Dahlia-san, was it? Why did you come here? If they found out you told that to Elliot-san your life in the village will be in danger won’t it?”

Now that Astarte mentioned it, she was right. There’s no advantage for Dahlia to tell me this information.

“Um …”

Dahlia looked troubled as she looked to me, and was at loss for words. Somehow, I think her cheeks were red, maybe my imagination.

…. Or maybe. Nah, that’s not gonna happen, no way.

“Dahlia, do you like Elliot-san?”

Astarte cut in with a conclusion.

I didn’t think that’s the case, but Dahlia reddened and turned her eyes away.

“Dahlia … is that, true?”

That was dumb, even if I say so myself.

Dahlia looked about to burst into tears and made a small nod.

“I always heard bad things about you from the villagers, but when I met you for real you were a kind person … When Father died, everyone acted strange around me, but Elliott-san is the only one who didn’t change”

…… well, of course.

Before I met Dahlia I she was a “stranger I knew in name only”, and after her father died and her coming to see me every once and again she was a “stranger who has a weak position in the village”

I don’t hate her at all, and if you ask one way or the other, seeing her unhappiness and comparing it with mine, I certainly thought of her more favorably compared to the other villagers.

I would be in trouble if she hated me, so I kept in mind to always treat her nicely, which is easy to do since I didn’t hate her at all.

But still, I must have looked really bright to a girl who just lost her family half a year ago and was demoted to “village communal property” from “villager”, even if only for the sake of escaping the reality of her predicament.

…… Was I unused to being looked at favorably by a member of the opposite sex my age.

Or maybe I never looked at this girl properly.

Either way, those choices would leave us with nothing but unhappiness.

“Elliott-san, you might as well sleep with this girl. In any case, this village is no longer necessary for you”

Astarte mumbled, but the latter half of what she said was right.

However, I can’t escape right away. Whichever way I go, I can’t continue living without any assets, and these sticks were half a day away from the nearest town by horsecart, several days by walking.

Considering that I have to escape from the villagers’ search, the nearest town with many people coming and going would be bad. I need to at least go to the large town beyond that.

"…….. I understand that I have to run away from here, but, I can't go right away. Thinking of what I'm going to do after this, I have to spend at least the entire day today making preparations. Let's go tomorrow morning, before the dawn bell rings"

As the words left my mouth, I hardened my decision.

And there's one more thing that came to mind.

"Dahlia. … will you come with me?"

I'd like to say that it's simply because I liked her, but unfortunately that's not true.

I thought this up because she had goodwill toward me and approached me as someone of the opposite sex.

To me, she was the only one from the village that I had goodwill towards, but I only became aware of her as a target of affection and lust as a woman just now … but still, our interests coincide.

She had no guardians, and I have no contacts to immigrate to another town nor anyone I can raise my social position with, and with the way things are going, there were not few refugees due to war.

We can probably go somewhere far away and live as a married couple who lost their homeland.

With apologies to Astarte, I had that choice….

"….!? Is that alright? Someone like me …"

Dahlia started tearing up at the corners of her eyes. She probably didn't think I was going to accept her feelings.

Well, even looking as an outsider Astarte is a beauty, and it's obvious from how the room smelt that I had been sleeping with her, she probably

thought we had a relationship.

"….. This is not just about goodwill or favor, Dahlia. Thinking of how I'm going to live after running away, it'll be much easier to have you with me. Also, I'm going to be troubled if you changed your mind and ratted me out"

I was somehow too embarrassed to face Dahlia, so to hide it I made a calculating remark.

"…. Thank you, Elliott-san. I'll go back for now. They'll suspect me if I'm gone for too long…. I'll make sure to come here before dawn tomorrow"

Dahlia made a bow and half ran through the forest toward the village.

This might be the first time I've ever seen her smile so happily.

"….. Is this alright? If you slept with her now she wouldn't be able to run away?"

Astarte was a little dissatisfied. She seemed to want me to sleep with Dahlia right away.

"Why do you want me to sleep with women so much?"

"That's simple. The more you sleep with women and steal their hearts … Your powers as a demon will become stronger"

……. Eh? What do you mean by that?

"Don't look so surprised, Master Elliott. I told you already, didn't I? 'I will from now on guide you on the road to kingdom'? You must first be able to defeat the likes of normal humans, and quickly learn how to gain fighting power and make some servants…."

Please wait a minute, how is getting power related to sleeping with Dahlia.

When I asked her straight, she made a light sigh and answered.

"To explain quickly, your Lord Father is from what the Demon Race calls the Nightmare, a type of Demon called an Incubus. They seduce the opposite sex and make them fall to depravity, and dominate their hearts at the same time …. Sometimes they would also turn those they like into Demons and had them serve by their side. You, Master Elliot, inherit that lineage and power"

…. In other words, I gain power and dominate women's hearts by sleeping with them? That's ridiculous.

"Master Elliot has some talent with magic, right? … You seem to know something about it. Your power, could it possibly be Endowment Magic?"

…… bullseye. I didn't respond in words but she understood by the look on my face.

"That power is the proof. The fact that the ability has blossomed is great cause for celebration. The power to grant one's own magic to something outside of oneself was your Lord Father's unique magic. The power no normal Incubus possess means that your Father is the powerful person of the Demon Realm. … The ability to grant materials with magic power and the ability to plant magic power into living things and transform them the way you like, that is the proof of the lineage of the 'Tuner' Stalto"

…. An absurd story, but it holds water.

I only have a smattering of magical knowledge, but it's not impossible to grant magic to materials and plant magic power into living things.

But still, what I know only goes as far as temporary raising their physical abilities.

Making them fall to depravity, submit, and dominating them is easy to understand.

Even without magic power, it's not hard to make people submit using authority or violence.

But transforming people into demons … ? Is that even possible?

"Yes, it is possible, Master Elliott. The proof is right before your eyes. … Do you find it strange that I knew your mother?"

Astarte drew near and went behind me who was sitting in a chair.

She slowly hugged me from behind and drew her mouth near my ear, and whispered.

… I can guess from the way things are going. The reason why she knew mother, why she came to visit mother.

"I was transformed from human into a Demon … a Succubus by your Lord Father. I was once a companion who fought together with your mother … with Amurosa. I became a Demon and grew old … and now I was embraced by the son of Amurosa and that person, fate is a strange thing, is it not?"

A strong smell of sex wafted from the woman's body behind me, making my head feel dizzy.

I should've been preparing to run away, but my body is having a strong urge to seek woman.

Could Astarte possibly be ….

"I, too, know a little of the arts to transform a human into a demon. However … you are already half-demon. The most I can do is maybe accelerate the change a little, but your heart is still human. I will not expect you to kill people and eat their souls, but at least I wanted you to have a stronger heart as a demon. For that, here"

Sunlight had already filtered in from the windows and the village

beyond the forest had already begun their farm work.

Astarte smoothly dropped her clothes and crept her tongue on my earlobes.

“Once more, ravish Astarte once more, please …”

Right there where Dahlia was sitting before she left, I took Astarte and ravished her from behind.

05 - The Taking of Lives

The preparations for running away was all finished by sundown.

I had given up on the uncarriable furniture from the start, and abandoned the valuable books except for a bare minimum.

For food I packed small things that preserve well, which will probably only last until tomorrow.

Carriable gems and coins, valuables, medicine, then magic tools that might be saleable, and tools from the studio for making them, and the bare minimum of clothes all add up to two large trunks.

Just in case, I placed watching “eyes” as far I can stretch them around the inn, the furthest one was on top of a tree, looking at the village from a distance.

I probably won’t be using them but I prepared weapons and traps and made them ready to use at any moment.

I wished that the coming mercenaries were blockheads or people serious about their contracts who would grumble doing things outside of those. The more so the more time I can buy for my escape.

The mercenaries who often come to the village were small scale ones, but almost all of them were mother’s acquaintances or former lovers.

Because of that, mercenaries who knew the land would hesitate to kill me, and of course the Village Head knew this.

He probably chose to hire a mercenary band we don’t usually interact with from a neighboring town.

Possibly, they were introduced by the nobles and engineers who wanted to develop the mines.

Of course, it's hard to imagine the Nobles' private armies coming.

It was my hope that the enemy was unfamiliar with the land.

By evening, I wasn't even wanting Astarte's body and disinterestedly did my work.

I took a nap before it went dark, and got up while the night was young. It was several hours before daybreak.

All that's left is to wait until dawn and meet up with Dahlia if she decided to leave and sneak out of the village.

We would probably have half a day until they noticed Dahlia gone. We should go as far as we could by lunchtime.

Luckily, during this season we would be able to meet with familiar traders or mercenaries going on their rounds once we reached the riverside hut.

They were closer to me than the villagers. We would likely have to pay some money but we could ask them for a ride on their wagons and could probably run far away.

"….. Master Elliott, the flowerpot …"

Astarte's voice was clearly vigilant.

I hurriedly faced the flower pot, peeking at the scene from the farthest "eye" … the one overlooking the village from a distance.

The distant sight, though the image was faint, was clearly different from the others.

Despite the dawn still far away, this image alone was brightly lit.

The village was on fire.

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"Looks like the mercenaries are attacking the village for some reason"

Astarte's voice was cold.

If you ask someone whether or not they could trust the bunch called mercenaries and adventurers, the answer you'll normally get is, "well, no"

Even when under contract, if their payments are delayed, they will tear the contract up right away and stay and cause a riot until they get paid. Mercenaries becoming bandits is also not unheard of.

I suppose the mercenaries turned their fangs on their masters too this time.

The mercenaries who've been coming to the village are those my mother trusted and brought along.

Those mercenaries were obedient to the villagers to save the face of my mother as their mediator, and the reason they were nice to me was also no more than a favor from those days.

However, it was exactly because he'd been seeing obedient mercenaries almost ten years that the Village Head had misunderstood what mercenaries are.

Whether the mercenaries were going to arrive here at noon today or would they come to attack in the dead of night, that wasn't something I could judge.

However, as long as they had the information, there was a high chance the mercenaries will come to attack this place.

"... There's a good chance they're coming to attack this place, let's lay

some traps”

“Yes, I agree, Master Elliott. If you were to fight the mercenaries, you probably wouldn’t last three blows … and the mercenaries probably won’t come and fight you one on one”

“I only have less than an average person’s fighting strength you know. If I did I would’ve become a mercenary and left the village”

“It’s a good thing to know what you’re capable of and not overestimating yourself”

…. In the corner of my mind, I was uneasy, wondering whether Dahlia was all right, but it would be foolish to go out and leave the place now.

I had promptly laid out traps and was tensely waiting when the “eye” in the forest far from the inn reacted.

It looks like they found out about this place.

“Three of them. One is carrying a bow. Armaments are light armor and spears … they don’t look too well-equipped”

I was only able to look blankly but Astarte seemed to be able to somewhat see in the darkness of the reflection.

“… Looks like they’re going to kill me just in case. Are there any good fighters?”

“The one with the bow is quite good for someone who’d come out to the sticks like this. The others are just riffraff … but that said, compared to Master Elliott, just having fighting experience makes them a lot stronger”

“Astarte, how good are you in a fight?”

“If I were so inclined, I can kill all of these very easily, but we have to get Master Elliott used to killing people first”

…. I wouldn’t want to be someone who’d gleefully kill people but it’s a different matter when the sparks were falling on me like this.

There's a big difference between being able to kill people and killing people with glee.

But I can't help seeing this as Astarte's trap.

"… I'm not strong enough to show mercy to people who want to kill me"

The fact that I was able to get information ahead of time was a big boon.

This place is the place where I live, and if those people unfamiliar with the terrain were coming here based on information, then they'd almost certainly pass through this place.

If Dahlia didn't come and warn me, I wouldn't even be able to make these preparations.

I finally understood that fact after all this and a chill ran through my spine.

I don't know whether it's a good thing or not, but both Astarte's visit and Dahlia's coming here was certainly a blessing for me right now.

In that case, I should make use of it as much as possible.

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The vice-captain of the mercenary band "Claws of the Black Bear", the bowman Gerrick was cursing his misfortune.

The inn where the "non-villager mixed-blood" lives that the Village head mentioned was rather far away, and even though he was used to walking in the dark of the night, it was a pain in the rear. To add to that, unlike the others who were attacking the village, there were no women here.

Attacking a village and assaulting their women was one of the great pleasures of pillaging.

It wasn't a big village, but when he imagines his friends having fun right now, he can't help getting irritated.

That said, if he didn't go there himself, these blockheads will definitely destroy or burn down the magic tools and everything.

Magic tools!

Doesn't that make your heart throb?

If this mixed-blood was really an enchanting magic user, he could beat him up to submission and bring him along as a specialist for the mercenary band.

Either way, there was no need to listen to the village head's request.

But then again, most of the ones not having graduated from the academy are phonies. If he had magic items he could take them all and kill him later. If he had a tavern, then he'd at least have drinks, right?

Since he doesn't seem to be a farmhand, he probably wouldn't be up at this time. The screams of pillage coming from the village won't go through the forest and to the inn, either. It was a tiresome but easy job.

Coming out of the forest, Gerrick finally saw the inn. He signaled his men with his eyes and sent one of them to the back door.

He would make a small fire, causing a bit of panic, and aim for when the mixed-blood would defenselessly run out of the in. In the unlikely chance that he would come out armed, there's only one of him against two of them, so they surely wouldn't lose.

There was a rustling sound from the forest. Gerrick turned around, thinking that it was a wild animal. But he then saw something unbelievable.

A young man was aiming a crossbow at him. Even though Gerrick was

used to fighting, he screamed and jumped. The loosed arrow went through his flank and directly pierced the chest of the man behind him just when that man was turning around to look.

Then, the man sent to the back door raised a scream.

It was then that Gerrick finally realized he was under attack. He restored his posture and tried to ready his bow, but the young man tossed his crossbow away and jumped in holding a short sword.

He seems to have a bit of training, but he's still an amateur. Gerrick gave up on the bow and tossed it at the young man. He used that chance to draw the sword on his hip. Having avoided the bow thrown at him, the young man slashed but it was at the level where Gerrick could easily avoid now that he was calm.

That moment, a thin rope laying at his feet caught his leg and Gerrick lost his posture.

No matter how used to battles he was, in the woods away from the road he had no way of knowing that there were lots of rope stretched around low, mixed with the grass.

He thought he had barely escaped, but the short sword the man carried was surprisingly longer than he thought.

His flank was shallowly cut through his leather armor and into his flesh. However, that's all there was to it.

The man's posture was broken because of this attack and he was practically defenseless.

The thing with surprise attacks is that once you survived one, you can somehow survive the rest.

Anyway, he should think after killing this man.

Gerrick raised his sword ... and died from an attack coming from behind him, piercing his throat.

06 - Demon Transforming Magic

"Master Elliott, it looks like the danger has passed for now"

After killing the bow user from behind, Astarte was now wiping away the blood from her extended nails.

"Ah, thanks … I was this close to getting killed there"

"Not at all, it was quite an achievement for a first timer, considering that you managed to do all that when pitted three against one. Please remember, Master Elliott. You must not fall down, also, there is no need for you to fight face to face. With traps laid out like this and information, you can defeat a large force with just a small one"

She has a point. I'm not suited for fighting face to face.

This dead bow user was probably not someone with good skills as well.

Even so, I don't think I can win if I fought him face to face.

Now that I could see closely, the arrow I loosed pierced the other mercenary right on the chest. He didn't look like he could fight anymore.

With blood and tears flowing, the mercenary spasmed. I probably hit him in a bad spot, he might not be able to move anymore.

… This was the first man I killed. I suppose I should at least deal him the final blow.

I heard screams from the back door from the mercenary caught in the bear trap.

… I suppose I can get intel from that one.

"It hurts … I don't wanna die, please help, please …"

The dying mercenary begged me, crying. Unfortunately, I have no way

of saving him.

"Then please tell us everything you know. If you tell us everything, we'll make you able to move again"

Astarte talked to the man with a gentle face, almost like a saint.

If you were careful, you could see that those words of hers weren't entirely true, but the dying mercenary doesn't have the strength to do that, he had no other choice to cling to.

What we found out was that they belonged to a small 10-man mercenary band.

There were 5 times as many villagers as them, but considering the difference in battle experience and the fact that they were caught by surprise, the villagers had no chance.

It looked like they were instigated by someone who wanted the village's mining rights, and make up an accident to kill the villagers.

Because of that, once they attacked and destroyed the village pretending to take on a request, they were going to pull back and move to a new place.

… So they did to the village head what he was going to do to me.

While the mercenary was talking, he coughed up blood and died. The first man I ever killed.

I asked Astarte to bring the dead body to the inn's grounds.

I was surprised at myself for how calm I was after killing a person. Was this also caused by the demon half of the blood I carried?

At that moment, Astarte dragged along the mercenary at the back door, after having cut his arm and leg tendons.

He had a bad look in his eyes but he was still young, a freckled young man. He was probably younger than me.

…… Now that his tendons are cut, he wasn't going to stand in the field of battle ever again.

"Master Elliott. I would like to show you how to do something right now"

Astarte laid the mercenary down and spoke to me. The young mercenary had a faint smile plastered on his face, Astarte might have drugged or cast a charm on him or something, he looked half in a daze.

Thinking something, Astarte tore the mercenary's clothes off and exposed his lower half.

Either from the excitement or the fear of death, the mercenary's penis stood erect.

"What are you going to do?"

Now that I knew our crisis was over, I began to get worried about Dahlia.

The mercenaries weren't going to kill the young women right away, because their goal was not only money or food.

However, it's a different matter once things have settled. Especially now when their target is complete annihilation.

"I understand that you're worried, but as far as I've heard, there are as many as 7 mercenaries at the village. We can't rush in there without the plan, you understand that, right?"

Astarte's voice was calm, but she somehow looked happy.

Well, sure, I get why she was saying that.

She was after all a stranger. I should think about bringing her along only after I was sure I was safe.

At a dangerous time like this, the best thing to do is throw Dahlia away and escape.

“Which is why, we should increase our fighting power a little bit …”

While saying that, Astarte guided the mercenary’s penis to her vagina.

Unable to understand his own predicament, the mercenary raised his voice and pushed up his hips, thrusting up his penis.

“Master Elliott … please come here …”

Astarte invited me with a heartrending voice.

Considering what she said just now, she must have some kind of plan.

Also, I was certainly stimulated by being brought close to mortal danger.

I squatted down next to the two who were knocking hips and brought my face close to Astarte’s.

Astarte coiled her left hand around my face, coveting my lips.

Without resistance, I took the lips of Astarte in the middle of having sex with someone else.

The smell of their sweat, the smell of body fluids, the smell of the night forest, the smell of blood and internal organs.

They blended together, teasing me, stimulating my arousal.

…… not with words but the flow of magic power.

What Astarte is doing now, what she is trying to do, was flowing into me now.

The magic power kept inside Astarte’s vagina slowly soaked into the mercenary’s penis.

I intuitively understood that the mercenary’s will was becoming tattered.

Drowned in pleasure, his thinking faculties and his self-preservation

instinct was being painted over with something.

It was too much of a one-sided trampling down to be called a corruption.

"Fuuh! Fuuuuh! Fuaaaaah, GAAAA!!"

The mercenary made an animal-like voice, marking his climax.

"Come! Come now, inside me! All of it! Release it all!"

At Astarte's urging, the mercenary's hips thrusted as if it was jumping up, and a large quantity of semen shot into her vagina.

Then, just like how the semen flowed out, magic power from inside Astarte flowed into his penis and soaked into his whole body.

The mercenary's body spasmed. His face, his body, slowly began changing

... into fur.

Then as Astarte parted her lips from mine, she thrusted her nail, aiming for the mercenary's heart.

Warm blood spurted out like a fountain and came raining down on Astarte and me.

The mercenary's hips thrusted up even more violently, the last coming of his life.

The mercenary that had turned into a demon twitched for a little while but finally died.

"A human coming on his death throes is always wonderful ..."

Normally I would be scared, but the thing that came to mind seeing Astarte's sultry face while bathed in blood was that I wanted to stuff my cock into those lips of hers.

“Astarte …”

I stood up and undid the belt on my trousers. I thrusted my proudly standing cock at Astarte’s face.

It doesn’t matter what Astarte was trying to do anymore.

“My, Master Elliott … fufu, you have such a great gift, not shrinking even in this kind of situation”

With just a lick on my glans she brought me to the brink of ejaculation. I want to come inside that warm mouth of hers, at least.

“Since we’ve come this far, I’ll partake in Master Elliott’s magic power … hmmmh”

Drenched in blood in front of three mercenary corpses, the demon woman suckled on my penis.

It was a strange spectacle. Very abnormal. But still, I had became used to such a circumstance.

Even though yesterday … or precisely until noon yesterday I had come so much inside her, the force of my semen was none the weaker for it. Even considering that I was a virgin up until yesterday, I never thought I had this much lust in me.

Within minutes, I was pumping semen into Astarte’s mouth.

Under the candlelight, the sight of Astarte smiling with a mouth full of semen was really enticing and beautiful.

Astarte swallowed my semen and slowly stood up.

She was dripping semen from the sides of her mouth and her nether regions, her body was drenched in blood and sweat and several strands of her hair was sticking to it.

My penis pleaded to be allowed to come again, but now that I’ve come once I could figure out what Astarte was going to do from now with a cool head.

“Master Elliott, what I showed you just now was one of the ways to corrupt humans and turn them into demons … and the next thing I want to show you is …”

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«TN: Almost at the end of the arc now. Might as well go for it»

07 - Counterattack

“…. Tch, so the best girl died first, did she. Damn this wretched village, most of the women are lardasses”

They should have been preparing to leave the village now that only a few hours are left until dawn, but nobody would probably come to pay this frontier village a visit.

In that case, they can at least stay in this ruined village for a day.

The Claws of the Black Bear mercenary band was a small band composed of those who had broken off from a major mercenary group.

They were not big enough to have a retinue of prostitutes or merchants, so most of their jobs are dirty jobs like this, and when they don’t get a job, they would go attack villages unrequested.

In short, they were hoodlums walking the line between mercenaries and bandits.

The leader, Hans, saw that the small cask of brandy they found at the building that was formerly the village headman’s house was empty and threw it at his men.

They have already killed almost all the villagers and dealt with the ones that tried to run at the village’s edge.

After asking the details of the request, the village head was cut down with a sword to the back.

There were only 10 women decent enough to sleep with in the village, so after ravishing the best looking young girl he let his men have them.

Because the goal of this job was silencing, they were not allowed to sell the women as slaves.

Which is why after having their way with them they would be killed.

All the mercenaries knew this, and so they treated the women roughly.

They were going to be killed anyway, so even though they will get injured, there was no need to worry since they weren't going to be sold.

"Agaa, agh, aaa, aaaa ...."

The village headman's daughter who had just gotten married half a year ago was being skewered by two of the mercenaries from the front and back.

Because she resisted she was badly beaten, and because of that, her beautiful teeth were all broken.

To keep her from running, her feet were cut from the ankles down and thrown on top of the corpse that was once her husband.

"Pu●●y, pu●●y feels good! More! Thrust more!"

The mercenaries laughed as they thrusted their penises.

"Speaking of which, it's too bad about that young girl, huh"

"The girl the chief slept with? She ran away in the middle of the orgy, right ... Well, she ain't gonna live long with that wound"

"Joachim's going after her. He's probably doing her in some bushes somewhere, no?"

"Well, he's got a small one after all! Probably doesn't want us to see it!"

With vulgar laughter, the mercenaries raped the woman as they chugged their drinks.

It was about time for the men patrolling to make sure they didn't miss

anything and the vice-captain's group who was assaulting the inn away from the village to return.

The vice-captain in particular had missed his chance at the women.

If they didn't give him his share of prostitutes in town he's surely going to complain.

"Oi, you lot! Hurry and finish up already"

To Hans' order, the men made disgruntled noises but they can't possibly complain and only obeyed.

"That reminds me, I've never done something like that"

"Ah, the one where you do them the moment they die"

"They say it feels incredibly tight …"

stab, he thrusted his sword into the girl's heart without hesitation.

Her large breasts jiggled and spurted large amounts of blood.

Seeing that, the maddened girl finally noticed the pain she was in and raised a death cry.

"Aaah!? A …. AAAAAAaaAaaaaaAAAaAaaaAAAAAAaaA!!!!"

"Wheee!! She's nice and tight!"

"Dumbass, you're getting your clothes dirty!"

In the midst of the screaming, the door was loudly knocked.

"Oh, if it isn't the vice-captain"

The mercenary peeking from the slot-window smiled as he opened the door.

Hans heard all that and felt that something was off somewhere.

Sure, it was about time Gerrick and his men showed up, that much wasn't weird.

But does that guy usually even knock?

Well, he would know what we're doing, though.

That moment, Hans' men screamed.

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What came in was certainly Gerrick and his two men.

However, they were no longer human.

Bloodless skin, actions that don't mind the body being destroyed, and the strength that came from that. Also the slight smell of rot.

They were zombies.

"E, EEEEK!!?"

They were in the middle of drinking stolen drinks and raping women. Nevermind weapons, they weren't even clothed.

One of the men got his windpipe bitten by Gerrick's corpse and died.

They fell into panic.

Zombies in this world were monsters that spontaneously appear near the demon world or places with a lot of dead or traces of battle.

They had great strength but slow movements. They were a symbol of fear for ordinary villagers, but they weren't frightening to adventurers and mercenaries if they were calm.

..... yes, if they were calm.

Almost all of these had been drinking and raping through the night.

They were drunk, they were tired, and they weren't armed to begin

with.

Being attacked right when they had their guards down, two mone men died before they knew what was happening.

When the survivors somehow regained their posture, something came in through the door.

A resin covered in flames … a flaming arrow.

When they realized it, the second arrow came in.

It seems to have had grasses or chemicals mixed in, when they caught fire they produced a lot of smoke, causing visibility to go down.

It was becoming hard to breathe, but the zombies didn’t care about that.

Hans took the shield and greatsword left by the table and ran towards the back door.

His men were screaming behind him but he ignored them.

He checked whether there was an ambush nearby from the dormer window just in case and went out alone.

In this situation, the men coming out through the front door would probably be beyond hope.

If the horses hidden outside the village were alright, he could run away on his own…

Just when he had the thought, his feet slipped.

It was a trap.

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I had been waiting with a crossbow from behind a thicket where I could

watch the back door.

Astarte and the zombies would do something about the front.

Even if, at worst, they couldn't kill all the mercenaries, getting them all to run away is fine, too.

Then, one mercenary came out. He was not wearing armor but had a shield and a weapon.

He looks used to it but … he was alone.

I had laid a little trap at the backdoor's footstep.

They were hidden under a grass sheet covered in earth, a large number of small water bags containing diluted lantern oil.

The hope is to throw them off balance and make them fall, and if they fell on top of the bags, ripping them and covering themselves in oil, that would be the best.

As planned, the enemy fell and their feet were covered in oil.

I decided my aim as planned and loosed a crossbow bolt. I wasn't a good archer but somehow I shot the enemy on the foot.

The mercenary screamed and noticed me.

I threw the crossbow away and took another loaded crossbow.

When he tried to get up I loosed another bolt. This one pierced his flank. He still didn't fall.

The mercenary started running with his shield up front, but because of the oil his footing was unstable.

I didn't expect him to still be able to run after taking two bolts. So I ran, I ran away to a place ten seconds away.

The mercenary raised a beastlike scream, jumped through some thickets … and disappeared.

He fell into a pitfall trap I had made behind the thicket.

When I peered in, it looked like he fell in with a bad posture, the spine on his neck was broken, he was dead.

"….. Haa"

I released the breath I held and took a rough one. I collapsed on the spot and stood there on my knees.

He died, I killed him. My second one.

If I was even slightly less prepared, if I didn't prepare a spare crossbow beforehand, if I didn't have the zombies dig a pitfall trap …. I would've been the one who died.

But still, now the mercenaries' main force was incapacitated.

While looking at the burning house of the village headman, I prayed that Dahlia wasn't inside.

Then Astarte came running to me.

"Master Elliott, everything in the house was destroyed. The three zombies have been used up. Also … I found the girl in the stables"

08 - Descent into Demonhood

Inside the stables, Dahlia was dying.

There was the corpse of a mercenary that Astarte probably killed by the stables but I paid it no mind and went inside.

Did she run when she was raped or was she caught and raped here?

There was a large slash on her back that was continuously bleeding.

It was such a wound that one would doubt can be saved even if I could find a surgeon right away. Much less out here in a village in the boonies without a surgeon in sight.

"Elliott-san … I'm sorry, the mercenaries …"

"Enough, don't say anything! Let's stop your bleeding …"

Even while I'm saying it, I knew it was a lie. I could've treated a small wound.

If all she needed was painkillers to dull the pain, I can go and bring back a small dose.

However, she was no longer at the level where she could be saved with those. It was already too late when we discovered Dahlia.

"Master Elliott, there's nothing we can do to help her … as a human"

Astarte cut in, there was clearly an ulterior motive behind her words.

But there was no reason for me to say no.

"……. what should I do?"

"You need to choose quickly. … Do you remember what I showed you

earlier? You have to ravish this girl and break her mind before she dies, pour your magic power into her, turn her into a demon and make her your servant"

Surprisingly, I accepted Astarte's words easily.

No matter what I had to do, there was no other way to get what I want besides that.

I could pray to god but my wish won't be granted.

In that case, I should do whatever I could do.

"Give the girl this pill. She wouldn't be able to swallow it herself, so Master Elliott sholud chew it and make her swallow it"

…. She handed me a round sweet-smelling pill. It was probably a narcotic or aphrodisiac.

I took it, undressed myself, and sat down beside Dahlia.

"Dahlia. I'm going to make you my servant. … this is something I decided on my own. I'm not letting you say no"

"…. Elliott-san … I, I'm dirty …"

"Never mind that … become mine"

I took the pinky-fingertip-sized pill in my mouth and chewed.

Before I swallowed, I was attacked by a strong intoxication … it seems to contain painkillers as well.

I put my arm around Dahlia's back and sat her up.

I ended up touching her wound a little and Dahlia winced from the pain, I paid no mind, though, and kissed her lips … I tasted blood.

She was resistant at first, but once I inserted my tongue with the pill on it, Dahlia closed her eyes and started licking my tongue.

"....."

The pill seemed to be effective, and while we exchanged a long kiss, the tenseness in Dahlia's body disappeared, and she started actively entwining our tongues.

Her bloodless skin regained a little bit of its color, and her smallish breasts tightened.

As I reached with my empty hand and groped her nether regions, her nectar started flowing as if to mask the traces of dried semen.

"Master Elliott, she's not in pain anymore but she doesn't have much time to live. You know how to do this, right? We're doing this without practice so the chances aren't high. Come now, please ravish the girl and bring her to the summit"

I regretfully parted my lips from hers but I can't keep doing that.

I laid Dahlia down on the dry grass again and spread her legs.

Her lewdly wet, plain looking flower petals bloomed obediently.

"Ah, ... Embarrassing ..."

"I will ravish you now. I will mess you up, I'll do you so hard that you won't understand what's going on anymore. You will be mine. You'll be my servant. ... therefore, give me everything"

There was no need for me to say that, but I had to say something.

If there was any, it's that there might be no future where the two of us could live together anymore.

Even though I was too late to notice the feelings she had been holding towards me.

I wanted her to hear what I was going to do to her.

“…. yes …. Make me … make me yours, please … Elliott … Master Elliott … do me … ravish me”

That might have been Astarte’s aphrodisiac talking. It might have also been the confusion at being so close to death.

But still, Dahlia’s tears gathered at the corners of her eyes, and she spoke words of submission.

She hid her face with her hands from the shame, but … somehow, she looked happy.

“Ah …”

I thrusted my penis in. After being toyed with by the village men and violated by the mercenaries, Dahlia’s vagina had already relaxed, ready to accept me.

It was smallish and tight, but still soft and clamping down hard on me.

Even though Astarte and I had been going at it like monkeys for an entire night, I didn’t have the techniques to make women my captive.

I grabbed her smallish breasts, I flicked and rolled my tongue on her nipples, I sucked, I rained kisses on her neck.

To prevent the wound on Dahlia’s back from hurting, while still connected I lifted her body up.

I sat myself cross-legged and put Dahlia’s body on top of myself, facing me … it was the so-called lotus blossom position.

Because of her fatigue, Dahlia rested her body weight on me and my penis inserted deeper into her vagina.

Due to the intense pleasure, semen had already gathered in my loins.

I probably couldn’t hold myself back anymore.

At that moment, I abruptly noticed the semen gathered in my testicles and the existence of my magic power collecting in it.

No, maybe comprehend is more appropriate.

Anyway, I wanted to raise more magic power and push them inside Dahlia. I want to violate her. I want to mark her as mine.

In response to my intense desire, my hips began moving faster.

When I noticed it, I was already screaming.

"..... As expected from the one who carries that person's blood, even if only half. It looks like you understand what needs to be done. Now Dahlia, you should get ready too. Be more lewd, more uninhibited. You are now free. The village, the rules, and the common sense that confine you are no more. You don't need to hold back, release all of your desires. Open your mouth, speak of everything that you want...!"

Astarte's spoke almost like the clergymen would.

However, the church would never accept what she teaches, the teachings of desire.

I vaguely heard her, while being driven by a lust for conquest, while thrusting my loins into Dahlia's vagina.

Dahlia seems to want to say something, so I parted my lips, freeing her tied-up tongue to talk.

".... I .... I .... I feel good! Master's penis feels good! Better than the village head! Better than the villagers! Better than the mercenaries! More, bang Dahlia's pussy more!"

She spoke her hidden desires out loud, something seems to have burst.

She confessed it all with tears streaming from her eyes, her desires, her

grudges, her joy, her grief. To respond to her, in order to make her more indecent, Astarte and I answered her words, criticize, forgave, and ravished her more strongly.

"The village head's daughter hated me! It's because her husband used me for sex, he was comparing her and me!"

"Yes, Dahlia. You're younger than her. She thought you were stealing her man, and he practically did sleep with you, right?"

"But I always wanted to be like onee-chan! I, I never wanted to sleep with a man like that! … when father died, and I was raped by the village men, nobody came and comforted me when I cried!"

I licked the tears running down her cheeks, lightly bit her ear, and kissed her neck until it left a mark.

"The miller's son, too! And the uncle from the smithy! After they slept with me they treat me like a thing! The women kept making fun of me! Even though … even though I didn't sleep with them because I wanted to!"

"But you did enjoy it a little didn't you? Like, rather than you, I'm more attractive? You have the quality to begin with, the quality to please men, to make them go crazy"

"Everyone, says my pussy is tight … Like I care about that! I don't care about other people! They used everything, my mouth, my pussy, my asshole! Even though it didn't feel good! Even though it's supposed to

feel bad…!”

“But at some point, it started to feel good, didn’t it, Dahlia?”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorrryyyy!

I … I’m a bad girl!

Even though it’s a bad thing, it started to feel good …

Even though I should’ve hated it, it felt good …

I wanted Elliott-san … I wanted master to sleep with me,

I want him to ravish me, I’ve always wanted it!

I always, always, wanted you to force me down and do me!”

The depths of Dahlia’s heart that was shut tight, was forcibly opened.

I felt that her grudge, her pleasure, her hopes, all while being drowned in pleasure, was beautiful.

Then, I violated them all, I dominated her.

“AAaah, ah— …. Haa, cock, cock is good! …. Master’s more … want …!”

Dahlia’s body heat gradually went cold.

Her words were becoming intermittent, and I knew that she was falling in and out of consciousness.

There was no more time.

I was almost at the limits of my self-control, but honestly, I didn’t even know whether I had enough magic power stocked up.

But still, all I can do is try.

“Dahlia, become mine. Cast away your humanity, become my servant! Live for me! You are my servant for the rest of your life …!”

“Do … more … I’m all … yours …”

I raised an animal cry while spewing out magma-like ejaculate into Dahlia’s vagina.

“AAAAAAAAAHHHHHH————————!!!”

My breathing stopped, and my vision blacked out for a moment.

My magic power was pouring inside her vagina and was slowly encroaching into her body, that much I understand.

… before I could confirm, I lost consciousness from the strong feeling of having come.

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I was probably out of it for a few minutes.

When I came to, the air just before dawn felt pleasantly cold.

“Master Elliott, have you awakened?”

Astarte called out.

I slowly sat myself up. I was aching all over and my head hurt like I was having a hangover after heavily drinking.

“Even though you had been practicing magic, it was your first ritual … so it was probably because of your stamina that you could finish that much”

Because of those words, I was clearly reminded of what had happened until now.

How was Dahlia?

"….. how's she?"

"She is still unconscious. Normally when one awakens into being a demon, there would be some changes to one's outer appearance, but…"

… it was a rushed job, and she was on the verge of dying. The situation was as bad as it gets.

"So do the changes always happen?"

I asked Astarte while taking care that the wavering in my heart doesn't show.

"I'm not saying it's certain, but there's a high chance it does.

…. The thing called corruption or demon transformation is something that makes the human target lose and give up their humanity and forcibly transforms them into demons. The method of transformation differ depending on race and body type and so the kind of demon they transform into isn't definite. For example, the demons called vampires would transform their targets by mostly sucking the target's blood and planting the magic power within their blood on their target. Everything transformed by a vampire generally becomes a similar vampire or their lower kinds and dependents.

Since your Lord Father was an Incubus, you transform your targets through sex, and most of their targets become succubuses like me, but … there are transformations that are on the mark and there are those that stray off it depending on the target's nature.

There are cases where ferocious warriors become werewolves, and lazy thieves become slimes. In those cases, they mostly had half their memories and character intact, but lost lots of things. … The majority of cases end up in them losing their individualities and beliefs.

Although, when one goes easy on the transforming or didn't use enough magic power … nothing firm remains inside the target and they would lose their memories and become nothing more than beasts, these cases also happen a lot. Also … if the target dies, like you've seen earlier, they might die just like that or get reanimated as zombies"

I looked at Dahlia by my side.

Her chest that was drenched in my semen was not moving, and her eyes were shut.

… was it no good?

"Dahlia …"

… right then, Dahlia's eyes slowly opened

"Dahlia, are you awake?"

She slowly sat herself up and stiffly turned towards me.

"Even if she became a zombie, there would be a connection through the magic power to the master that corrupted her. She wouldn't attack but … did she become a zombie?"

Astarte (because I didn't want to think of it) voiced out the possibility, then Dahlia opened her mouth.

"Dahlia … Me? Name?"

Her words were stiff. She looked like she forgot all that flowing confession somewhere.

"… Dahlia, do you know who I am?"

I timidly asked. After a second of silence she answered.

"… Name … Master Elliot … my … Master"

… I breathed a lungful of air of relief.

It seems like she didn't lose all her memories. Looking and touching at Dahlia's body, Astarte seemed to have realized something from Dahlia's scar and said.

"Ah, I see … I suppose that's to be expected"

"Astarte, stop being abstruse. How is she? … I won't complain even if she became a zombie, okay"

"Master Elliott, a zombie doesn't have the intelligence to talk this much. This girl … of course, she's not a normal one but … she seems to have become a flesh golem"

"….. Flesh golem?"

I've heard of the monsters called golems. They're magical monsters crafted out of clay or stone and they would stand guard at the gates of the Magic Empire Ruins.

Even nowadays, people like the academy used stone golems as escorts. … Though I've never seen any.

"Yes, they're dolls that move by using magic power. Flesh golems are things made from human or animal corpses and are given temporary life and orders by magic … normally they wouldn't possess a sense of self but because this girl only uses one body as raw material, was made into a golem while still alive, and was corrupted by Master Elliott's magic power, she retains a tiny bit of her original memories and personality"

So all my practicing endowment magic turned out useful at a time like this.

I don't know whether or not this is the result Dahlia wanted.

I don't even know whether to rejoice or grieve myself.

But still, rather than having her die here … this result is better for me.

“That aside, Master Elliott …”

Astarte called out. Somehow, she was being coquettish.

“After seeing all that violent sex, I can’t hold back being left out on my own. Now that we’ve done everything we needed to hurry and do … please, give me your favor too”

As she said that, Astarte flung her clothes away and reached for my nether regions.

“Wha, wait, Astarte, not here …!”

“Master, I will help …”

Looking over, I saw Dahlia together with Astarte kissing my penis.

Maybe because I’ve been living a sad life as a man, their kisses made my penis as hard as ever.

“Can’t be helped, once this is done, let’s go back to the inn and think about what we’ll do from now on”

As the rays of dawn shined, moans resounded throughout the village.

Other than us, there was nobody there to hear it.

…. In a single night, a village of fifty and a mercenary band of ten were no more.

Within a month, the news would travel to the surrounding villages, and the mining village would come to be known as the Demon-possessed mines.

I turned all the corpses into zombies and put them in the village to keep people out.

The rumors become that the village was destroyed by demons appearing from the mines.

This was how I became the demon ruling a mining village … how I

made my first step into becoming a dungeon master.